The Sketch

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ANTI-NAZI GERMANS BY DIANA WYNYARD AND ANTON WALBROOK.

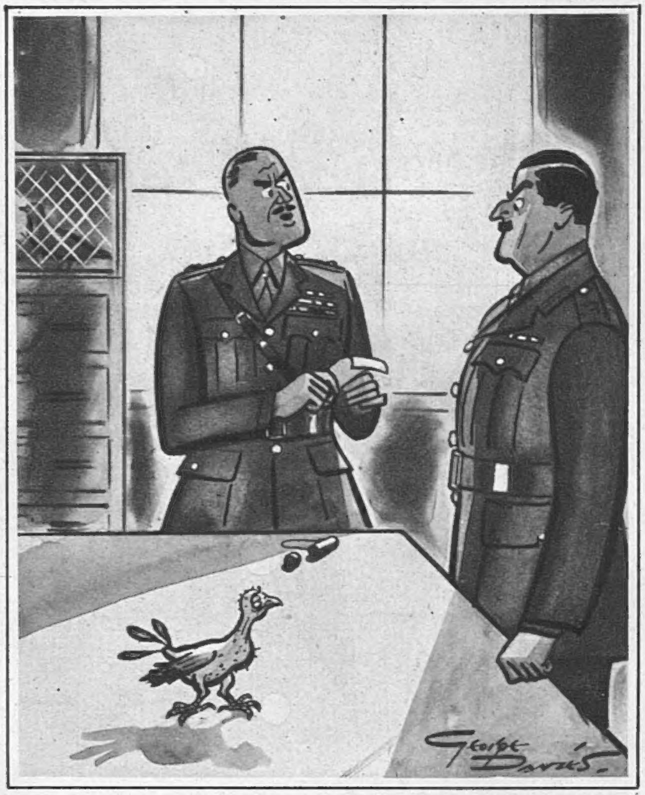
The English production of Lillian Hellman's play "WATCH ON THE RHINE," *chosen by the New York Critics' Circle as the best American native play of 1941, is due at the Aldwych to-night, April 22, with* DIANA WYNYARD *and* ANTON WALBROOK *in the leading rôles. The play tells the moving story of an anti-Nazi German who brings his wife and family to the U.S.A. It is produced in England by Emlyn Williams, who won the New York Critics' Circle Award for the best foreign play produced in America last year with his "The Corn is Green."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN VICKERS.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Vox Populi. As long as I can remember, the Pundits have been wrangling about population. It is an everlasting problem, and for a very good reason: population is like a woman's figure—there is always too much or too little of it. It is never just *right*. Generally, indeed, it is hopelessly wrong; and that is what seems to be happening to it at present. Heaven forbid that I should enter into the statistics of the controversy: as usual, they prove both sides conclusively. According to one school of thought, we shall soon practically cease to exist as a nation; according to the other, we should be faced with economic ruin if the population increased. The former school seems to be in the majority, and the balance of expert opinion is that the outlook is grave. My own view has always been that a great many of the troubles of the world are due to the fact that there are too many people in it. I admit, however, that if there is to be a reduction, it must be an all-round reduction, and that seems difficult to arrange. Even wars don't achieve it.



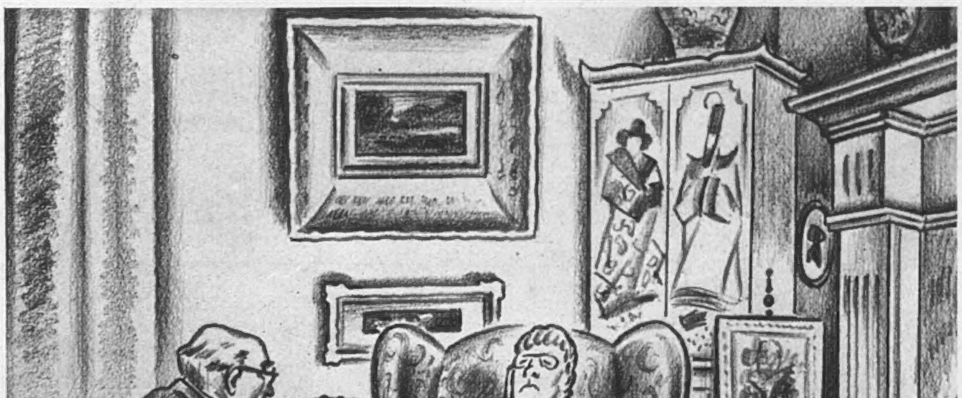
"This message is marked 'The Somme, September 3, 1916!'"

DRAWN BY GEORGE DAVIES.

The Everlasting Lottery. As a matter of psychology, is the family instinct—in the professional jargon, I believe it is called the "philoprogenitive" instinct—very deeply rooted in the human nature of civilised and sophisticated mankind? Does the bridegroom, taking that adventurous step out of carefree bachelorhood (not without trepidation, in most cases)—does he, in delighted imagination, hear the little feet pattering all over the house? Does he regard the firstborn with that adoration, does he greet it with those sob-choked cries of "My son, MY son!" to which Hollywood has accustomed us? Are maternal instinct and mother-love as powerful in the average woman as novelists and dramatists would have us believe? I do not know, but I sometimes wonder whether they are not taken too much for granted. Children are treasures, but they are also "hostages to fortune"; they can be joys, but they can also be griefs and disappointments. They are a gamble; and maternal and paternal instincts cannot prevent men and women from reckoning the chances of the gamble.

The Way They Should Go. And so I cannot go the whole way with the correspondent in this controversy who says that if people only realised what *fun* it is to bring up half-a-dozen children, they would not hesitate to replenish the earth. It *may* be fun; but it may also be pain and grief. It all depends on the luck—chiefly the luck of health. What certainly is *not* fun is the prospect of educating half-a-dozen children, and then "setting them up in life." I have no doubt whatever that the cost of education in this country is one of the principal causes of the declining birth-rate. A man, let us say, marries young and in middle life is earning a "decent income"—anything, I suppose, between £1000 and £2000 a year. The prospect of providing a Public School education (followed by professional training) for four sons and a couple of daughters is appalling. If it doesn't mean actual bankruptcy, it means screwing and scraping through all the best years of his life and facing penury in his old age. It is no use putting all the blame for small families on selfishness and motor-cars and the mad pursuit of pleasure; this matter of education is a real problem in our social and economic system, and until it is solved, I don't believe that the population problem itself is going to be solved. And I fear that post-war taxation is not going to help.

Received With Thanks. I apologise for even mentioning the grim word "taxation" at that season of national mourning and humiliation which always follows a Budget. What a glorious thing is war! Our present expenditure per annum is more than double our revenue; and yet our revenue is over two thousand million pounds. A plain man would regard this as sheer Micawber finance; but no!—economists assure us that it is all perfectly satisfactory, except that the income is too large and the outgoings too small! I learn from a "Well-informed Source": "An excess of expenditure is to be welcomed, if it means that production is expanding. And the excess of revenue is to be deplored, since the bulk of it came from Customs and Excise—that is, it reflects the excessive spending of the public." Well, there you are—there is simply no satisfying these economists. However, it is gratifying to know that plus is really minus and minus is really plus—I always thought that there was something phoney about them when I was doing Algebra. I wonder how many people have taken note of the fact that among our Receipts is an absolutely free gift from the Canadian nation of one thousand million dollars—which in pounds sterling represents the picturesque figure of £222,222,222. It is something for That Wicked Man to ponder over that the largest Dominion of the Commonwealth—a



"Then all I can say is it's high time our commanders learned to expect the unexpected."

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

Dominion once suspected of being "isolationist"—should freely give her Oppressor not only men and blood and machines and toil, but a thousand million dollars from the pockets of her people.

Bright Young Things.

Like every male, I watch with interest and admiration, not unmingled with anxiety, the progress of our women during this war. The question is important to one and all, for not the least solemn thought about the much-planned post-war world is the place which women are going to occupy in it—and I fancy that they are going to plan that for themselves, without any help from the Blue-Printers. It has always been well known, and accepted with resignation, that girls will be girls, but here and there they seem to be showing a type of girlish high spirits which is a little alarming to those brought up in "The Princess" school. Some nurses the other day were fined for ducking a colleague, fully clad, in a bath for a breach of discipline; but the magistrates, themselves living near a well-known river and not being very good swimmers, decided to take a conciliatory view of this new version of the ducking-stool. In another place, two giddy young things thought it would be a great lark to send bogus telephone messages recalling all members of the Forces to their units from cinemas and dances. For this unfortunate sense of humour one of them went to prison for three months.

Slaves of Duty.

And then there has been all this fuss about "moderate drinking" among the policewomen of the W.A.A.F.s. They were actually discouraged from being teetotallers! The idea was that they must be "good mixers," and teetotallers do not mix easily in the most interesting society. This was too much for the Temperance Societies, and the scandalous order was withdrawn. (You may have noticed that a Temperance Society or Purity League or Sabbatarian Association has only to raise a finger, and the average Member of Parliament at once raises both hands.) So now the W.A.A.F. Robertas must still be good mixers, but not of their drinks. This will help to live down the popular impression, which the A.T.S. Redcaps are also repudiating, that they are Tough Babies. Just because they have been trained in Jiu-Jitsu and All-in Wrestling, it is rash to suppose that they are not really shy little things at heart; and the way in which they have overcome their shyness, defying the public gaze of mingled mockery and awe, is much to their credit. Personally, I take off my hat to these public-spirited young women—at least, I *would* take off my hat to them, if I weren't afraid of being arrested for insulting behaviour, being drunk and disorderly, or obstructing the police in the execution of their duty. I 'm not risking it, having seen some of them.

Casabianca Junior.

The same searcher of the human heart who first noticed that girls will be girls also discovered that boys will be boys; and the reflection, though profound, is not altogether comforting at present. I have said enough here from time to time about our young thugs; what with their Fun Fairs and their high jinks, they are attracting so much attention that they are beginning to bore. But they are certainly exhausting our faculty of surprise. No need to go to fiction when you read, as I have been doing, of rival gangs of boys armed with revolvers, "coshes" and sheath-knives, and wearing shoulder-holsters and digging automatics into ribs, in the best Chicago style; or of another Young Hopeful who has committed no fewer than 190 frauds on the Post Office, and who has lived in the best hotels at the rate of £2000 a year. But, if I return to the subject of these young Yahoos, it is only in order to mention, for the credit of my sex, that there are other boys who will also be boys, but of another sort. Among them I place high young Harry Reginald Knight, of Woking, who, when his ship was torpedoed and afire, took command, got thirty-one men into a boat, and then climbed back to navigate the burning ship for thirteen hours. It was hard on Casabianca that his epitaph should have been written by Felicia Hemans; this Casabianca of real life, I am happy to say, needs no epitaph, and if he ever should, it will certainly not be of school-room verse.

"That guy? Oh, he's one of them Spam-eaters."

DRAWN BY BERT THOMAS.

Keep the Party Clean!

One of the perturbing things about the youth of to-day—both male and female, I am afraid—is its "deplorable laxity of language," if I may quote from a thousand utterances from pulpit and platform. It is encouraging to see that the B.B.C. is giving a timely moral lead in this matter, having proscribed all naughty expletives (sad that they will never be able to do a broadcast version of "Pygmalion"!) and all jokes about strong drink. Another one up to the Temperance Societies! This question of language is becoming very serious. How many persons of forcible vocabulary realise that they might suffer the same fate as the War Reserve

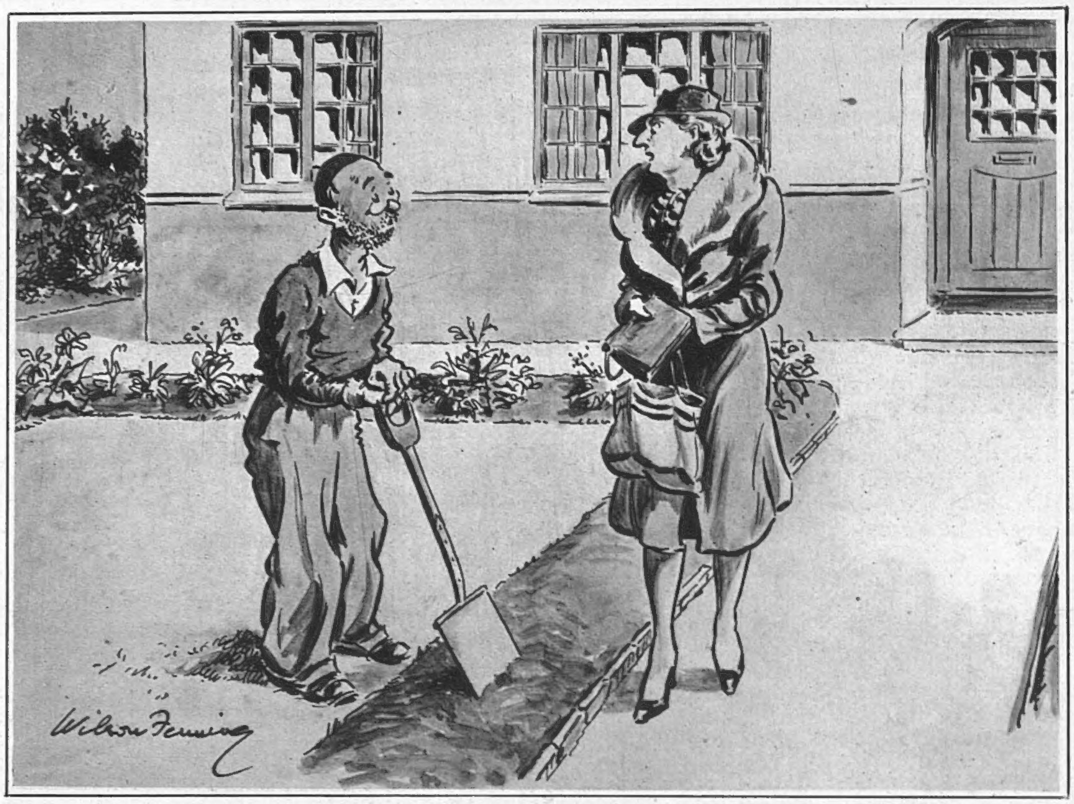
[Continued overleaf.

"Lucky for you, Sir, it didn't happen at night!"

DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

Continued.]

Constable who, the other day, was fined 2s. for making "a profane comment" when paying arrears of rates, and costs? He was convicted under the Profane Oaths Act of 1745, which prescribes the following penalties for profane cursing and swearing: for a day labourer, or common soldier, sailor or seaman, 1s.; for any other person under the degree of a gentleman, 2s.; and for every person of or above the degree of a gentleman, 5s.



Wife: "Isn't it time you had a shave, George? Fancying yourself as a submarine commander, I suppose!"

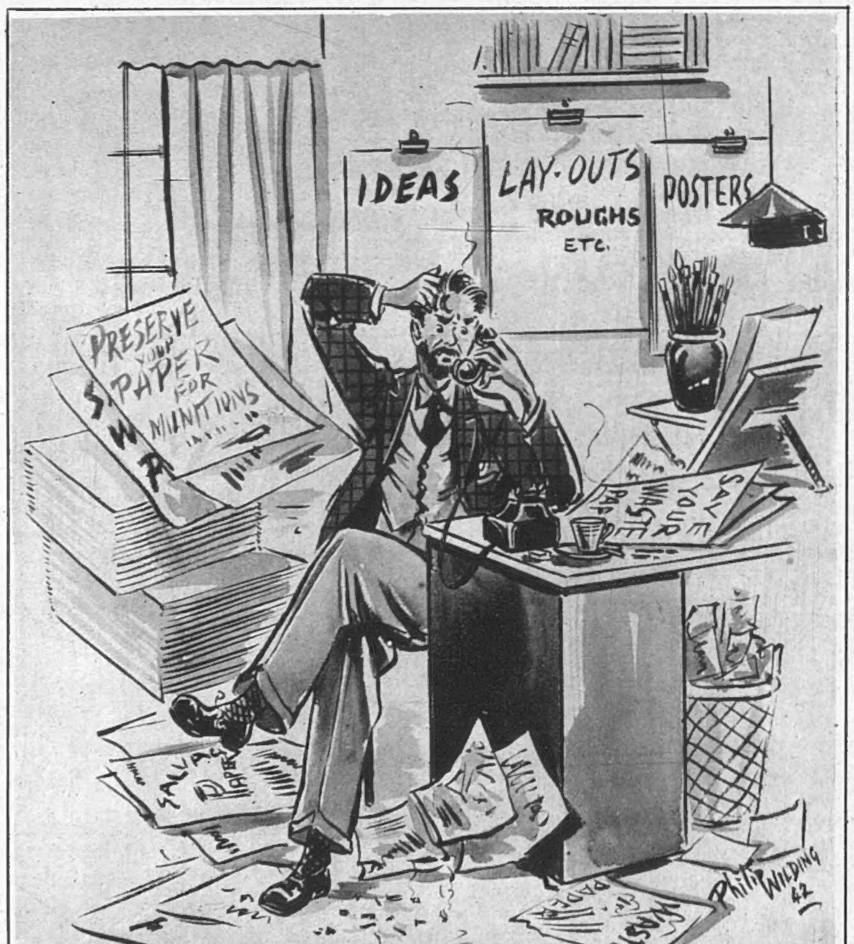
DRAWN BY WILSON FENNING.

No Lady.

Any person can inform against you on oath (but not a profane one), and if you don't pay the fine you are liable to ten days' imprisonment. What is more, a constable can seize you and take you before a justice if you are "unknown" to him—indeed, he is bound to do so, and is himself liable to a fine of 40s. if he doesn't! So there! The way to get full value out of this Act is to go up to a policeman and say, "Gorblime, Sergeant! Can you direct me to Paradise Alley?" or "Good morning, Constable! Damn Hitler's eyes!"—and then inform on him and get him fined 40s. if he doesn't arrest you. If he *does* arrest you, it's a nice point whether you should pay at the higher rate and retain your social position, or get off three bob cheaper and be branded for the rest of your life as no gentleman. Nothing is said, unfortunately, about the degree of a lady, though it is well known that a suggestion by one lady that another was no lady has frequently been the occasion of vigorous repartee. Apparently the Act does not apply to ladies at all, though it is as yet undecided whether A.T.S. and W.R.E.N.s fall under the description of common soldiers, sailors or seamen. I think the Redcaps might take the matter up, if necessary—but I am sure it is quite unnecessary.

Egomania.

The following human document has been addressed to the editor of a well-known daily: "Dear Sir, One of my back-yard hens has just laid an egg weighing $6\frac{1}{4}$ oz., $7\frac{1}{2}$ ins. in circumference, $4\frac{1}{2}$ ins. long. On opening it we found a yolk and plenty of white, but also another egg, complete with shell." That's all very well, and I congratulate both the hen and its trainer; but if I were he, I should not advertise this triumph, because I am perfectly sure that somewhere in the Defence Regulations there is something which makes it illegal for a hen to lay more than one egg at a time—and rightly, since this is grossly unfair to other equally patriotic hens and hen-owners. However, don't let that discourage you; at whatever risk, urge your hens to emulate this highly maternal bird, especially as it is announced that eggs in future will be in the form of powder. "Flake dried whole egg in cartons and greaseproof bags will probably take the place of the familiar eggs-in-shell for many of us." Dust and ashes for breakfast. However, there are still a few good eggs reaching us. I see that one enterprising lady arriving from Eire the other day was found by the Customs officials to have forty pockets for secreting eggs. It would have been poetic justice if she had slipped and fallen, becoming a sort of animated omelette. Many volunteers would have come to her rescue.



". . . No! I haven't thought of an idea for saving paper yet . . . !"

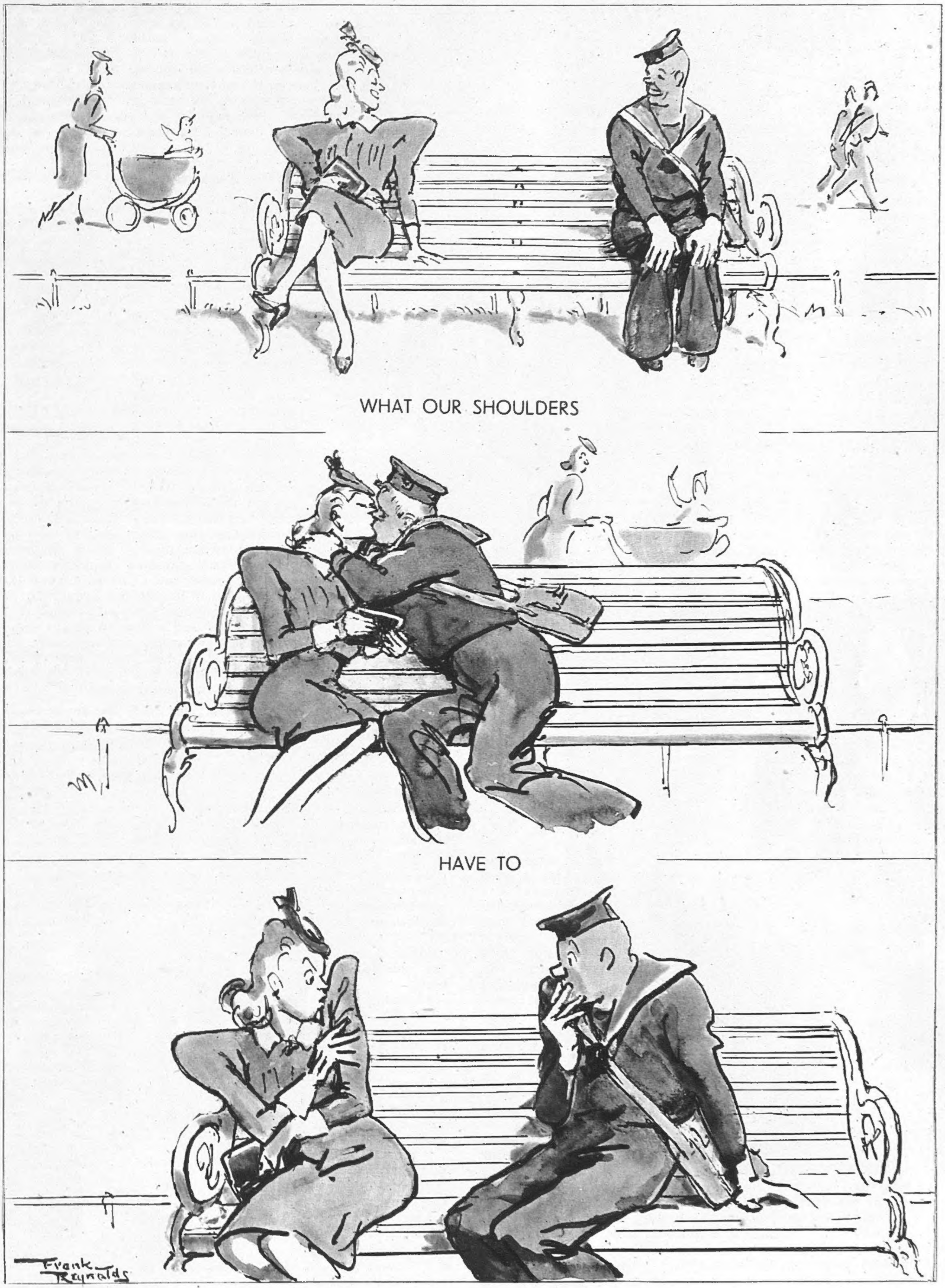
DRAWN BY PHILIP WILDING.

BUT YOU HAVE, *of course. The need for paper of all sorts is urgent—every small scrap of paper and cardboard should be collected. Have you been up to the attics or the lumber-room? There sometimes vast treasures of paper and cardboard boxes may be found in old, forgotten trunks, a priceless hoard for the Salvage man, to make munitions of war which will help the Allies on to Victory.*

Milk by the Yard.

Have you been through all your old papers yet? It is astonishing how much one can find to contribute to the salvage mountain; it is also astonishing how reluctant one is to part with the documentary scrap-heap of a lifetime, however meaningless most of it may have become. It is all wanted, if for nothing else, to supply more official forms. One of them, issued in connection with the new national milk scheme, is said to measure $17\frac{1}{2}$ ins. by $11\frac{3}{4}$ ins. The space for signatures alone occupies 9 ins. by 1 in., and the "explanatory" notes run to 1300 words. Go to it, be patriotic, give up your old love-letters to make milk forms for expectant mothers! While milk forms multiply, confetti is threatened with extinction. Is *all* romance dead?

The thirty-fifth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.



WHAT OUR SHOULDERS

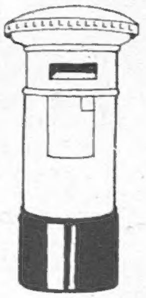
HAVE TO

PUT UP WITH!

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—Last week Charles and I spent Saturday morning in our Cathedral City. Charles wanted to order a tweed jacket before they went all comic, and I wanted a paint brush. We found our City very much changed. The streets are crowded as they always have been, but now, instead of strolling in the road and holding up the traffic, the people hurry along the pavements with set expressions on their faces, while the motors whizz up and down at such a rate that Charles and I clung to each other on the kerb and feared to launch away. There was hardly a Devon voice to be heard. Even in Charles's tailors we detected an irreverent note, and the Dignitary who used to serve us was no longer there.

"Where is Mr. Clement ?" we asked.

"Gone," said the New Man, with a grin. "He was seventy-eight, you know."

Charles was so annoyed at this levity that he refused the only cheerful check tweed left in the shop and chose a dull, countyish cloth into which little flecks of red and yellow were woven without enlivening its appearance in any way.

"Better take your measurements again," said the New Man. "Most people have lost a bit round the tummy."

"The tape passed around his waist."

"Tummy," indeed! The very walls shuddered, while Charles, pale with disgust, suffered his waistcoat to be pulled up and the tape passed around his waist.

"We haven't any No. 4 paint brushes left," said the Girl in Artists' Materials, who was also new and obviously considered herself Queen of the May. "See for yourself." And yawning a little she pulled open the Paint Brush drawer. Inside were two paint brushes. One could have been used for painting a house and the other for a very small miniature.

"It isn't fair to judge anybody's figure in battle-dress."

Charles and I greeted our old friend the Waiter with tears of recognition, but there wasn't any lunch. Yesterday had been market day and there wasn't anything left. Sadly we stepped into the street and threaded our patient way to a More Expensive House. "Could we have lunch ?" we asked meekly, standing on the mat. Authority looked us up and down. Yes, it thought it might manage something.

Joyfully and effusively we expressed our thanks and fought our way to the Bar, which was full of people we didn't know. There, over drinks which called themselves Gin and French, we cheered up a little. "I think it is probably what is called Hooch," said Charles, "and will make us blind." When I asked him which sort of blind he said, "Both sorts."

Then we saw Geoffrey. Of course, it isn't fair to judge *anybody's* figure in battle-dress. Otherwise he looked just the same.

"I suppose you are drunk with power now you are a Second Lieutenant," I said. Then Charles kicked me under the table, and I noticed that it wasn't a pip on Geoffrey's shoulder but a crown.

After that things didn't go so well, and I said I would have another try for my paint brush. This time I caught the Manager, who opened a drawer stuffed full of No. 4's. When I got back to the More Expensive Hotel I found Charles, looking small and lonely, and sitting at a table in the middle of the empty Grill Room. He said he was afraid we might not get in if we waited until one o'clock, as we hadn't any influence with the Management. Nobody was taking any notice of him, and the waiters were flicking the tables with their napkins and shouting to the Chef through the open kitchen door. I showed Charles my No. 4 and sucked it to demonstrate its beautiful point, and Charles said, not for the first time, what disgusting habits artists had. I was so afraid of losing my paint brush that I stuck it in my turban for safety.

We had to wait a long, long time for our grill. When it came it was quite good. Charles said it ought to be at that price. Then I threw discretion to the winds and had some rice pudding, but it tasted of fish, and we came away.

"Who are all these people ?" said Charles plaintively, after he had been pushed off the pavement and into the gutter for the third time. But we reached the garage at last, and scrambled into our car like shipwrecked mariners into a lifeboat. "It used to be fun," said Charles sadly, and we drove away.

In the Cathedral Close there was a poster announcing music for that afternoon. I told Charles I would find my own way home, and joined the queue. People were standing in twos and threes, but nobody stood by me. After a time this became so noticeable that the awful words, "Even her best friend dare not tell her" flashed across my mind. But I knew that Charles would certainly tell me, and decided that this isolation must be due to my personal appearance. I have always considered myself a woman eminently suited to pass in a crowd, and I cast an anxious glance over the bits of myself that I could see. They seemed to look much as usual. Could the fact that one had lost a stone in weight since the milk-rationing came in, and one's nose, always on the large side, had grown a good deal larger, have produced some sort of sensational effect which had passed unnoticed in one's home town, where the change had been gradual ?

These thoughts were disturbing, but then the queue began to move and I forgot them. I found a seat in a side aisle. The woman next to me gave me a look and moved away, and I took her seat, which was a better one than mine.

Then the music began. Here was something which had not changed. Beauty, and peace, and comfort, and the grey walls of our beloved Cathedral taking up the sound as they had taken up the prayers and songs of centuries to give them back to bewildered worshippers in kindly blessing. Many people were in tears.

On the way home in the bus I heard the man behind me say, "Extraordinary!" and I became again a prey to misgivings about my personal appearance. I peered in the glass of the bus window, and then I saw my No. 4 paint brush pointing to heaven like a long, sharp horn.

I dropped in at Lady B's to tell her about the music. While I was there a very small girl arrived at the front door. "Please," she said, "will you buy a ticket for our Fashion Play ?"

"Your what, dear ?" said Lady B.

"Fashion Play. In the Church."

Lady B. opened her bag. "You haven't got that *absolutely* right," she said, "but I'd like to buy a ticket."

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.

"'Please, will you buy a ticket for our Fashion Play ?'"

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN *(centre), Chief of Combined Operations, is seen here with his staff: (l. to r.)* GROUP CAPTAIN A. H. WILLETTS, D.S.O.; REAR-ADMIRAL H. E. HORAN, D.S.C.; MAJOR-GENERAL J. C. HAYDON, D.S.O., O.B.E.; VICE-ADMIRAL LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, G.C.V.O., K.C.V.O., D.S.O.; AIR VICE-MARSHAL J. M. ROBB, C.B., D.S.O., D.F.C., A.F.C.; BRIGADIER G. E. WILDMAN-LUSHINGTON *(Royal Marines)*; *and* COMMODORE R. M. ELLIS, D.S.O., *discussing operations at their headquarters.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, for being Vice-Admiral, Lieutenant-General and Air Marshal all in one, and to LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, for being head of the Hampshire Order of St. John in London.

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN *is a daughter of the late Lord Mount Temple. She married Lord Louis in 1922, and has two daughters.*

THE Premier recently announced the appointment of LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN as Chief of Combined Operations, holding the acting ranks of Vice-Admiral, Lieut.-General and Air Marshal. On taking up his appointment last October, Lord Louis was given the title of "Adviser on Combined Operations," his functions being apparently limited to making suggestions for action and the co-ordination of the plans of the three Services contingents. In December he was entrusted with the actual conduct of his plans, and from then he acted from time to time "in an executive capacity," being known as "Commodore, Combined Operations." Now he is Chief. He is forty-two, and has a brilliant war record, besides a great popularity both in the ward-room and on the lower deck. He is a man of great daring and coolness; is a rapid thinker, and besides that he is extremely thorough. A keen polo-player, he put the Navy on to the polo ground, and trained his team after much deep study in the theory of the game from all the books on the subject. This is just the sort of thoroughness which is required for planning out the work of Combined Operations. Lady Louis, a granddaughter of the late Sir Ernest Cassels, has always taken a keen interest in the Order of St. John, of which she is Deputy Superintendent-in-Chief and County President of London and Hampshire.

LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN, *the younger son of the late Admiral of the Fleet the Marquess of Milford Haven, is a great-grandson of Queen Victoria and cousin to the King.*

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

CECIL DE MILLE, the bathtub king, has indulged in his most imaginative flight of plumbing in "REAP THE WILD WIND" (Plaza). This is a tank 100 ft. long, 40 ft. wide, and 20 ft. deep, specially built for him by the Pacific Marine Museum at Santa Monica beach. On its floors the studio has constructed a coral reef, and the hulk of a submerged ship, littered with cargo of silk and teak and ivory, and peopled with deep-sea fauna, from tiny scarlet flat-fish to a giant squid.

The underwater sequence in "Reap the Wild Wind" provides the climax, the ultimate thrill, of a film that is never niggardly with thrills. Two deadly rivals, a lawyer (Ray Milland) and a sea captain (John Wayne), go down to the sea-bottom in diving-suits. They are looking for a woman's body in the wreck. If they find the body, or so much as a tell-tale fragment of her shawl, it will prove evidence to hang the captain. And if the lawyer finds the evidence, the captain is determined that he shall not reach the surface alive. Two tugs on the signal rope in his hand, and his confederate above will cut the lawyer's lifeline. . . . And then, just as you see the shawl, a tatter of yellow, drifting in the tide, De Mille, the master showman, produces his Giant Squid. Ten weaving tentacles, a cold blue eye 8 in. across, a 10-ft. body, and a 60-ft. spread. (At least, those are the statistics given us, and I doubt whether any customer will feel disposed to verify.) "Reap the Wild Wind" is, I should say, the exhibitor's dream. It clamours for attention. There isn't a trick of successful melodrama that it doesn't pull. It is big and colourful and busy, every scene riotous with detail and crammed with life. The cast is enormous, and although most of the characters are wholly artificial, I doubt whether you will greatly care. When there is so much in the action to hold the eye, one can get along pretty well, I feel, with conventional types.

The scene is the Florida quays of a hundred years ago, in the days before the railroad, when only the sea-route linked the rich Mississippi valley with the industrial north. The story concerns two groups of people who reap the harvest of the wild wind—the salvage masters, whose business it is to save lives and cargoes from the wrecks, and the pirates, led by one King Cutler (Raymond Massey), the "King of the Keys." The heroine is wild-cat Loxie Claiborne (Paulette Goddard), who tears off her crinoline at the rumour of a wreck, dons sweater, trousers, sou'-wester and hip-boots, and sails out to anticipate the pirates in her own ship.

Two men love Loxie—Steve Tolliver, the lawyer who is out to catch the pirates, and Captain Jack Stuart, whose life she has saved. Veteran picturegoers will put their money on Tolliver from the start, but the lady takes a long time to make up her mind. Her haverings between the two, indeed, bring about the crisis in which the honest Captain sells himself to the pirates, and the lawyer nearly loses his life to the giant squid. Remorse, naturally, supervenes at last, and the Captain dies like the hero and Stuart that he is.

Don't miss "Reap the Wild Wind." It 's quite an experience, like taking a plunge into an Atlantic roller. The colour alone is worth the price of admission. The seascapes are magnificent, with their green translucency, the flying white spume, the blanket of fog on a calm day. You can almost smell the fog, taste the salt in the air. Nothing is overdone; there is hardly a picture postcard in the film. Warm, neutral tones are largely used, pointed up here and there by a ruby gown, the flash of a crimson cockatoo, a scarlet Dutch cheese, or a knot of cherry ribbon.

"THE FOREMAN WENT TO FRANCE" (Pavilion) is a good, honest British film with a rather fine spirit. It is based on the exploits of a real-life hero, Melbourne Johns, the Welsh foreman of an arms factory in the north of England. Johns, as newspaper readers with long memories may recall, went to France alone in the days of the German break-through, to bring back some vital machinery that he was determined should not fall into enemy hands. He could not speak a word of French, but he reached the factory and salvaged the machines. Finding a British Army lorry in charge of some Tommies who had lost their unit, he enlisted their help, and, with the Germans only a few hours behind, raced across the refugee-packed countryside to the coast.

Johns's story has been elaborated for the screen, of course, and a feminine interest—one can hardly call it a love-story—has been added for the benefit of the fans. But the ring of truth is there, and the picture loses nothing by its level, observant quality, its almost matter-of-fact statement of things seen and done. Exdocumentarian Cavalcanti, who produced, and ex-cutter Charles Frend, who directed, have done a good, human job, and J. B. Priestley's original story induces a companionable mood.

That good actor, Clifford Evans, plays the foreman who went to France. Constance Cummings is the American secretary whom he discovers burning confidential papers, and takes along with him on his odyssey to the coast. Tommy Trinder, of all unexpected people, is the Cockney soldier whose lorry helps them on their way. His companion on the driving-seat is a young Scottish actor named Gordon Jackson, whose death-scene after an attack by German dive-bombers is one of the most moving things in the film. "The Foreman" is Jackson's first film, but won't by any means be his last.

These four players carry the piece right through, the other characters—the crowds on the roads, a bunch of refugee children, Fifth Columnists, and French small-town types—coming and going with the changing scene. It is a strong quartette the studios have picked, and if none of them gives an "Oscar" performance, they are satisfactorily human, and hold the interest well. The irrepressible Mr. Trinder, playing almost straight, is more right than you would have thought possible in such a serious film.

Experts in cinematic love may be able to discern which of the "MEN IN HER LIFE" (Leicester Square) was *the* man in Lina Varsavina's life. Frankly, I can't. The film is an adaptation of Lady Eleanor Smith's "Ballerina," and tells the sad story of a little circus girl (Loretta Young) who becomes Europe's leading dancer, but is extraordinarily unlucky in her menfolk. Three men adore her, or rather, three of her many adorers are selected for special study. The first is her dancing teacher (Conrad Veidt). She marries him after her début, but he dies. The second is an English Lord (John Shepperd). She doesn't get around to marrying him before he dies. The third is a millionaire shipbuilder (Dean Jagger). She marries him all right, but after four weeks of honeymoon they separate, because Lina expresses a desire to dance in a Memorial Performance for Husband No. 1.

The rest of the film is tears, nearly all tears. Lina neglects to inform her husband that they have a child, but he finds out just

THE BEST THEATRES.

*Starred by "The Sketch." ***=highest value.*

** Adelphi: "THE DANCING YEARS." Ivor Novello in his romantic musical play, with Muriel Barron and Roma Beaumont.

** Apollo: "OLD ACQUAINTANCE." Edith Evans in John van Druten's play. Perfect acting.

* Coliseum: "MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS." Revival, with Sonnie Hale; Elsie Randolph.

* Duchess: "SKYLARK." Well-acted comedy. Constance Cummings; Hugh Sinclair.

** Garrick: "WARN THAT MAN." Gordon Harker foils a Fifth Columnist.

** Globe: "THE MORNING STAR." Emlyn Williams in his own raid-nights play. Angela Baddeley.

** Haymarket: "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA." Vivien Leigh in a Shavian revival. Well cast.

** Hippodrome: "GET A LOAD OF THIS." George Black's surprise musical. Vic Oliver; Jeanne Ravel; Celia Lipton.

* His Majesty's: "LADY BEHAVE." Glamorous speedy musical comedy. Bobby Howes; Sally Gray.

** Lyric: "BLOSSOM TIME." Richard Tauber sings in a Rodney Ackland play on Schubert.

** Palladium: "GANGWAY." George Black's Musical Smile; with Tommy Trinder; Bebe Daniels; Ben Lyon.

** Phœnix: "OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES." Superb evacuee comedy. Mary Clare; Phyllis Dare.

*** Piccadilly: "BLITHE SPIRIT." Noel Coward brings two ghost wives back to earth. Fay Compton; Kay Hammond; Cecil Parker; Margaret Rutherford.

* Prince of Wales: "HAPPIDROME." B.B.C. success put on the stage by George Black.

* St. James's: "THE NUTMEG TREE." Comedy with Yvonne Arnaud.

* St. Martin's: "JAM TO-DAY." Beatrix Lehmann in comedy.

*** Savoy: "THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER." Brilliant boorishness by Robert Morley.

** Victoria Palace: "TWENTY TO ONE." Laugh-making racing musical play. Lupino Lane; Greta Fayne; Winifred Sloane.

* Windmill: Non-stop revudeville.

* Wyndham's: "QUIET WEEK-END." Sequel to "Quiet Wedding."

N.B.—While we shall always do our best to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur. Consult your daily paper; ring up the theatre, to avoid disappointment.

the same. The infant Rose—so named after her mother's most famous dance, "La Rose Blanche"—is snatched away by her father from the ungodly smell of footlights, to be brought up in his own nice, rich, fusty New York residence. Lina, deprived of her child, oddly loses her technique. In a couple of years she is out in Australia, dancing in the sticks. Her husband, whose feelings for her are by now entirely unclear, writes her frosty letters signed "Yours obediently, David."

The tender-hearted will learn with relief that it all comes right at last, after a heart-shattering meeting as strangers between mother and child. At least, a rather perfunctory ending shows us a scene of curious domestic felicity, in which the young Rose is being trained, with many a parental nod and smile, for the career that brought such grief to her mother. The film is set in the 1860's. The most distinguished acting comes from Eugenie Leontovitch as Lina's dresser. Loretta Young, though she does not strike me as the best dancer in the world, looks beautiful, and the costumes and hair-do of the period suit her well. People who like a good cry with their pictures should enjoy "Men in Her Life." Personally, I prefer my tragedies lightened with just a spark of humour.

"The Foreman Went to France" (London Pavilion) is reviewed in this article. CONSTANCE CUMMINGS *as Anne and* CLIFFORD EVANS *as Fred. They have made their escape as far as Reauville, only to find it bombed and in flames.*

Fred makes his way to an office and interviews the Préfet (PAUL BONIFACE), *hoping to place in safety the orphan children he and Anne have befriended.*

"THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON" (Warner) is the story of that General Custer about whom I, regrettably, knew nothing except that he made a famous last stand. I now learn that, besides this, he rode a great deal, always victoriously, at the head of his cavalry, that his record at West Point broke the all-time low, that he liked onions, and that he owed his promotion from Lieutenant to Brigadier-General at a critical period of the Civil War to a clerk's error. Also that he looked exactly like Errol Flynn and had the luck to wed a banker's daughter who looked exactly like Olivia de Havilland. The film runs for nearly two hours and a half, and about half an hour of it is first-class swashbuckling entertainment.

"HEROES OF THE SEA" (Tatler) is a modest little film about the Soviet Navy that I think you should enjoy. It was made just before the present war by a provincial studio at Odessa, and spins a yarn about an imaginary war and the part played by the Black Sea Fleet in repulsing an unnamed "invader." There is a naïve love-story between a submarine commander, the Rear-Admiral's son, and a girl flyer, commander of a bomber squadron. This is artless stuff, but the sea-drama, the naval engagement itself, is very far from artless.

Nothing could be more knowing, indeed, than the way excitement is whipped up as the clash between the main fleets draws nearer. Music, sound, and silence is expertly used. There is one scene, which I have never seen beaten for drama in a Hollywood naval picture, in which the hero's submarine is trapped underneath an enemy destroyer. For hours it has to lie on the sea-bottom, the crew helpless and sweating, the air growing fouler and fouler. They dare not start up their engines—even the motor for purifying the air—lest the destroyer should detect the sound and drop depth-charges. At last the hero thinks of a trick, which it would be unfair to describe, but which gives the film a chance to use sound legitimately and cunningly.

Another scene that I recall with special pleasure is the one in which an old sea-dog, a veteran of Tsushima, goes over to the piano and begins to sing, in his reedy old voice, a ballad of that memorable battle. Diffidently, tentatively, other voices join in, as the naval officers gather round the piano. It is not a big scene, just an incident, but it's moments like these that make a picture memorable.

The "English Captain" (JOHN WILLIAMS) *gets his quietus from Fred, Tommy* (TOMMY TRINDER), *and Jock* (GORDON JACKSON), *and the escaping party get away and sail for England in a French boat under the noses of the Nazis.*

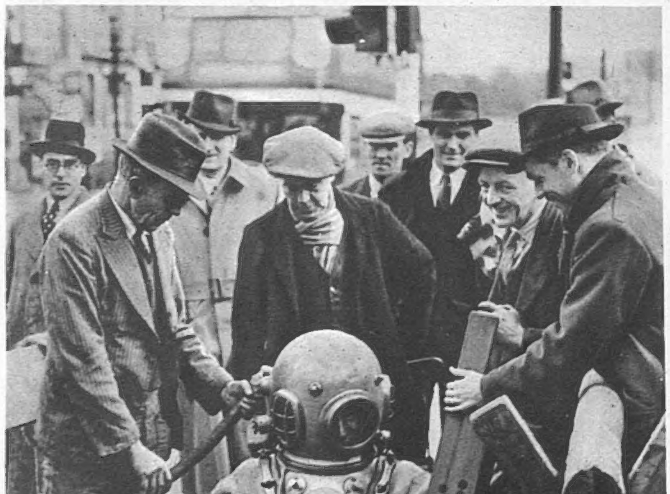
THE CAMERA'S NEWS-REEL:

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD, *Chancellor of the Exchequer, and* LADY WOOD *faced the camera before he went off to introduce his " Battle-dress " Budget.*

JULIET, *daughter of film-star* JOHN MILLS *and* MRS. MILLS *(centre), was christened at Brompton Oratory. She's in the arms of godmother* VIVIEN LEIGH *with* LADY OXFORD *(left). Juliet makes her film début as the baby in " In Which We Serve."*

LADY MARY GREAVES, *youngest daughter of the late Major Oswain Greaves and of the Countess of Dysart, Stobo Castle, Peeblesshire, is engaged to Captain Bernard A. Blanger, Free French Air Force.*

MISS PHILIPPA GAISFORD, *only daughter of Colonel Gaisford, the Residency, Kolhapur, is engaged to Captain Terence Glancy, 19th Lancers, Indian Army, son of H.E. the Governor of the Punjab.*



A DIVER IN THE BAYSWATER ROAD *was an unusual sight for Londoners. It was* MR. JAMES MEARNS, *a Scot usually employed on harbour and salvage work, who went down to explore a culvert.*

SIR JOHN WORSLEY-TAYLOR, BT., *Scots Guards, married* MISS ANNE PAGET, *only daughter of the late Captain J. Otho Paget, and Mrs. Paget, of Burrough, near Melton Mowbray, at the Guards' Chapel. The bride was given away by Lord Cecil Manners.*

THE WEEK'S PEOPLE AND THEIR DOINGS.

MISS MALISE WILSON, *daughter of Colonel the Hon. Guy and Mrs. Wilson, is to marry Major A. W. Antony Smith, Coldstream Guards, on April 23.*

The marriage of the HON. SYBIL BERRY, *fourth daughter of the late Lord Buckland of Bwlch, to Captain Michael Watson, 17th-21st Lancers, was fixed for April 18.*

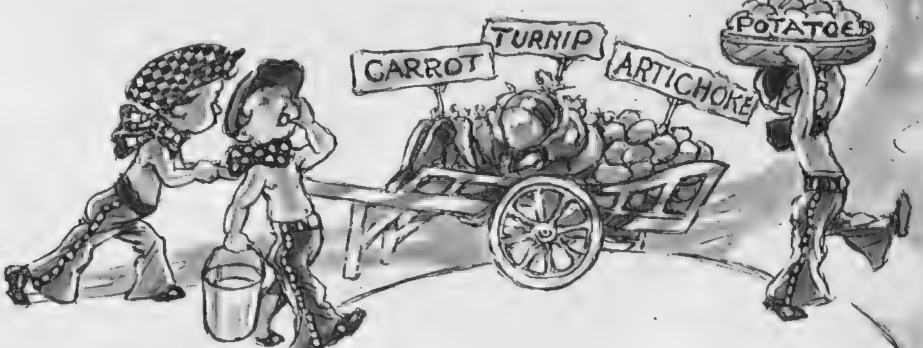
F.-O. BARBOUR, F.-LT. WOODS, D.F.C., A.-S.-O. P. S. REID, A.-S.-O. M. R. MACKINROT *and* S.-LDR. J. KLAN *were among the guests at a successful party-dance held recently at a Fighter Station.*

The HON. ALASTAIR BUCHAN, *son of the late Lord Tweedsmuir (John Buchan, the author and historian), former Governor-General of Canada, married* MISS HOPE GILMOUR *at Elsfield Church, Oxford.*

F.-O. *and* MRS. HASTINGS-SMITH, F.-LIEUT. B. WALKER, MISS J. GOWLAND, F.-LIEUT. WOODS, D.F.C., S.-LDR. A. H. S. CAMPBELL, D.F.C., MRS. K. SCOTT, *and* F.-LIEUT. C. BARCLAY, D.F.C., *were guests at a party-dance held recently at a Fighter Station.*

MRS. R. G. CASEY, *wife of the New Minister of State in the Middle East, arrived with her husband by air in London last week. Here she is answering the questions fired at her by Fleet Street girls at the Ministry of Information.*

GENERAL GEORGE MARSHALL, *Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army, and* MR. HARRY HOPKINS, *U.S.A. Lease-Lend Administrator, have been engaged on important Anglo-American talks in London this week.*



EVERY WOMAN'S RECIPES.

BOUILLABAISSE À L'ANGLAISE.

½ lb. of carrots.
1 lb. of potatoes.
4 slices of turnip.
2 pints of water.
¼ lb. of onions.
1 lb. of artichokes.
2 oz. of margarine.
2 lb. of cod fish.
2 dessertspoonfuls of flour.

Clean and cut into thin slices all the vegetables except the potatoes, and fry them for twenty minutes in the margarine. Mix in the flour and then add the water—in which the fish has been boiling for five minutes. Transfer the contents of the frying-pan into a large saucepan and leave boiling for ten minutes. Add the potatoes, cut into quarters, salt and pepper to taste, and leave for a further ten minutes before adding the fish, boned, skinned and broken into small pieces. A final ten minutes over a low fire completes the cooking. Serve in soup plates.

MOUSSE AUX RAISINS DE SMYRNE.

3 oz. of sultana raisins.
¾ pint of milk.
3 teaspoonfuls of sugar.
3 drops of vanilla essence.
½ oz. of gelatine.
1 gill of water.

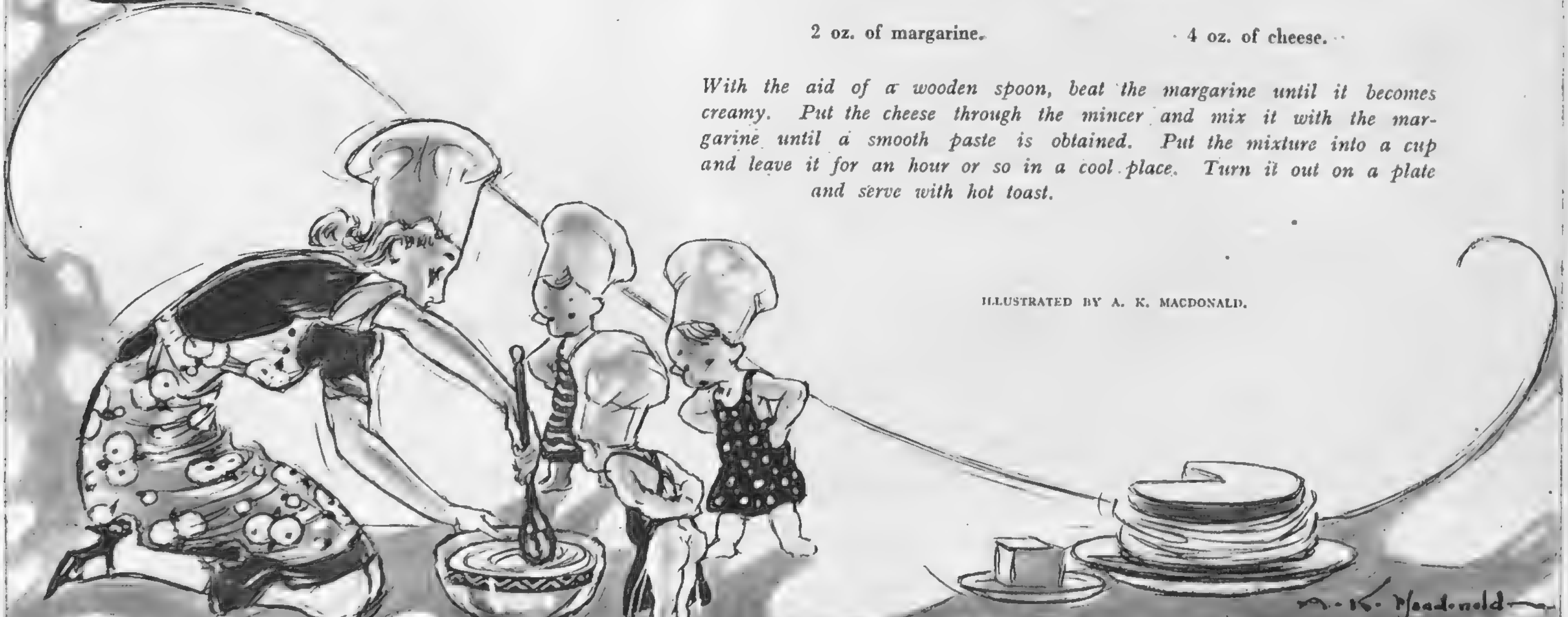
Bring the water to the boil and in it melt the gelatine. At the same time heat the milk, to which has been added the sugar and the vanilla essence. Take the melted gelatine off the fire and, through a strainer, add it to the hot milk. Pour it into a bowl and place in a cool place. When it begins to set, beat it vigorously with an egg-whisk, add the raisins, and transfer the whole into a mould. Leave it in a cold place for one hour before turning out.

CRÈME DE FROMAGE.

2 oz. of margarine.
4 oz. of cheese.

With the aid of a wooden spoon, beat the margarine until it becomes creamy. Put the cheese through the mincer and mix it with the margarine until a smooth paste is obtained. Put the mixture into a cup and leave it for an hour or so in a cool place. Turn it out on a plate and serve with hot toast.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. K. MACDONALD.



"SALUTE TO MALTA" BROADCASTER: COMMANDER KIMMINS AND HIS FAMILY.

COMMANDER ANTHONY KIMMINS, R.N., *is the well-known dramatist, film-actor and director, author of "While Parents Sleep," and other successful comedies. He recently delivered a stirring broadcast, "Salute to Malta," which enthralled and inspired all listeners, and gave a vivid picture of the Mediterranean stronghold which is defying the fury of the Luftwaffe with such fortitude. He is a son of Dr. Charles William Kimmins and Mrs. Kimmins, C.B.E., of the Heritage Craft Schools and Hospitals for Cripples, Chailey, was educated at Osborne and Dartmouth R.N. Colleges, and was in the Royal Navy—becoming a Commander and a Fleet Air Arm pilot—before taking up his successful theatrical and film career. He is now back again in the Senior Service. Our photographs show him, and* MRS. KIMMINS *with their children,* VERENA *and* SIMON. *Mrs. Kimmins was Miss Elizabeth Hodges, and is a daughter of Admiral Sir Michael Hodges, K.C.B., C.M.G., M.V.O.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASSANO AND L.N.A.

"OSCAR" INVESTITURE SCENES: THE

MARY ASTOR, *winner of the award for the best supporting rôle as the high-strung musician of "The Great Lie."*

LIEUT.-COL. DARRYL ZANUCK, *who presented the technical awards, at the Academy banquet, with* NORMA SHEARER.

JACK BENNY *received a special "*
"Oscar" dressed as the Aunt—
girl." He is wi

The top-notchers for 1941 : JOAN FONTAINE *and* GARY COOPER, *who won the awards for the best acting in "Suspicion" and "Sergeant York" respectively.*

THE presentation of the "Oscars," or annual Awards of the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences, is always a big night in Hollywood. This year, though 1600 people attended the "Oscar" gathering, the occasion was not quite so splendid as in peacetime. Many of the men wore uniform, including Lieut.-Colonel Darryl Zanuck, who presented the technical awards, and received the "Oscar" awarded to John Ford for directing "How Green Was My Valley," as the winner himself was on board a ship somewhere in the Far East. Mr. Wendell Willkie, guest of honour, pointed out that the motion picture industry "was among the first to appreciate fully true American sentiment and to offer pictures reflecting that sentiment and disclosing the vicious character of Nazi plotting and violence."

LIEUT. PILOT JAMES STEWART, *last year's winner of the "top Oscar," presenting the award for the best supporting rôle this year,* to DONALD CRISP.

BRIAN AHERNE *looks with admiration and delight at the award won by his wife,* JOAN FONTAINE.

LYNN BARI *and her husband,* WALTER KANE, *in conversation with* CAROLE LANDIS.

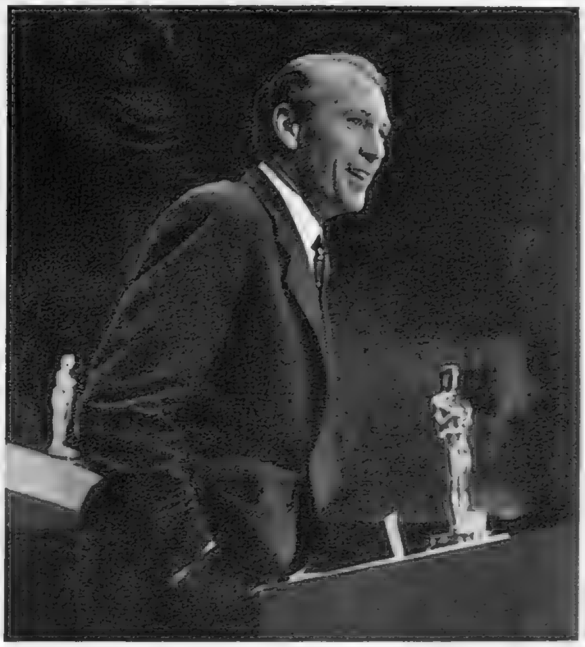
CAROLE LANDIS *(r.) and* LINDA DARN
the "

N.B. Colour plat

HOLLYWOOD HONOURS LIST FOR 1941.

...ward" for "Charley's Aunt"—an ...ng the "best cigar-smoking sweater ...RBARA STANWYCK.

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND, *sister of Joan Fontaine, with* BURGESS MEREDITH, *now a private in the United States Army.*



GARY COOPER, *who won the "Oscar" for the best performance of an actor in 1941, making his speech at the "mike."*

WENDELL WILLKIE, *newly-elected chairman of Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation, the guest of honour, with* JOAN FONTAINE *at the banquet.*

JAMES STEWART and Ginger Rogers, who won "the Top Oscars" last year as best actor and actress of 1940, presented the awards to this year's winners, Joan Fontaine and Gary Cooper. Ginger not only gave Joan her golden statuette, but a heartfelt hug as well. Gary Cooper, when accepting his "Oscar," was as charming as he is on the screen. He said how for years he had waited for an "Oscar," and that he felt extremely nervous! He completely won the whole audience. When he had finished speaking he hurried off the platform—and forgot the gold statuette he had wanted so passionately for fifteen years! John Ford's success as director of "How Green Was My Valley" is his third win, as he received the "Oscar" for "The Informer" in 1935, and for "Grapes of Wrath" in 1940.

Last year's winner, GINGER ROGERS, *gives this year's winner,* JOAN FONTAINE, *her golden statuette, and a heartfelt hug.*

...ore original and attractive head-dresses for ...' banquet.

ROSALIND RUSSELL *and* CARY GRANT *sat next to each other at the banquet, and obviously found the great occasion amusing.*

WALT DISNEY *won the Thalberg Memorial Award, two special awards for "Fantasia," and two others.*

...rted in this issue.

SOLDIERS' REST HOUSE AT GIB.

" What's on to-night? " Soldiers look at the playbills at the Gib. Country Club Rest House—once Governor's Cottage.

An entertainment put on by E.N.S.A. at the combined theatre and cinema of the Gibraltar Soldiers' Rest House.

Formerly a summer residence for the C.-in-C.: A view of the Rest House with the Rock towering up behind it.

HOW to provide healthful and enjoyable leave for members of the garrison of Gibraltar set the authorities a difficult problem, which they solved by instituting rest camps at some distance from the routine of parades and the tunnelling of the Rock. Governor's Cottage has been transformed into a Country Club, with its own inn, combined theatre and cinema, library, and games section largely stocked by Sir George Gaggero, O.B.E. E.N.S.A. puts on entertainments in the theatre, and the catering at the Victory Inn is first class.

Right: A peaceful afternoon reading, resting and sitting in the sunshine: soldiers three enjoy a spot of leave.

Waiting for opening time: outside the Victory Inn, part of the Soldiers' Country Club.

Where the catering is first class: an interior view of the Victory Inn, complete with darts boards.

SECRET INFORMATION FILM: "ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING."

The start of the great adventure: "Expect plenty of opposition," said the Intelligence Officer when briefing the crew of the bomber "B for Bertie" to flatten a target in Stuttgart.

Already occupied! The British airmen take refuge in a Nazi rescue buoy, and hold up the Germans who have got there first.

The hunt for the R.A.F. men in Holland: Nazi soldiers, having found a parachute, search the church in which the British crew are hidden.

Els Meertens (PAMELA BROWN) with the airmen, John Glyn Haggard (HUGH BURDEN), "skipper" of the bomber, and Frank Shelley (HUGH WILLIAMS), in remarkably convincing disguise!

The airmen start on their journey from Holland to England, smuggled out of the country by Jo de Vries (GOOGIE WITHERS).

The crew of "B for Bertie" make a dash for the sea, but Sir George Corbett, the tail gunner (GODFREY TEARLE), is shot by a Nazi sentry and seriously injured.

"ONE OF OUR AIRCRAFT IS MISSING" (Odeon, April 24) is written, produced and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. The picture had the co-operation and advice of the Air Ministry, the Admiralty, and the War Office. Many of the incidents in Holland are based on actual secret information. The story tells how the bomber "B for Bertie" raided Stuttgart. On the return journey the crew had to bale out over Holland, and after amazing adventures succeeded in reaching home. They were aided by loyal Dutch men and women.

POPULAR R.A.F. ENTERTAINERS—MR. RAMSHAW AND CAPTAIN KNIGHT.

Holding a reception after his election as Official Mascot of a Catalina Squadron of the R.A.F.: MR. RAMSHAW, *with* CAPTAIN KNIGHT, *meets some of the officers.*

MR. RAMSHAW *doing his stuff: the eagle is giving a demonstration of "pulling out of a dive" as he does it. Note the bend of the primary feathers under the terrific strain.*

A group of fliers and a lecturer: CAPTAIN KNIGHT *(right) tells officers, non-commissioned officers, and men about the prowess of their new mascot,* MR. RAMSHAW.

Happy reunion: CAPTAIN C. W. R. KNIGHT *and* MR. RAMSHAW *meet* MISS JEAN KNIGHT *after their miraculous escape when their ship was torpedoed in Mid-Atlantic.*

CAPTAIN C. W. R. KNIGHT, M.C., F.R.P.S., F.Z.S., the explorer, author, photographer and lecturer, and his eagle, Mr. Ramshaw, had a miraculous escape when the ship in which they were crossing the Atlantic was torpedoed. Captain Knight was picked up by a British destroyer, whilst Mr. Ramshaw, who had been left on the abandoned ship, was ultimately towed back to the calm of a Scottish river. A few days later they again set out, and reached New York without encountering any distressing incidents. Mr. Ramshaw was recently elected official mascot of a Catalina Squadron of the R.A.F., but this honorary position does not, of course, interfere with the series of successful shows in which he collaborates so admirably with Captain Knight at different R.A.F. stations.

Two personalities who interest the R.A.F.: CAPTAIN C. W. R. KNIGHT *with his assistant and colleague, the eagle,* MR. RAMSHAW. *They continue to put on their successful shows at R.A.F. stations.*

AT-HOME PORTRAIT OF AN AVIATOR.

MR. RAMSHAW, *Captain Knight's celebrated eagle, whose personality and attainments have been recorded in two of his books, "Mr. Ramshaw, My Eagle," and "The Adventures of Mr. Ramshaw," consented to sit for his portrait in his temporary home in New York, on the roof of the Gotham Hotel. He has crossed the Atlantic eighteen times—well, to be precise, eighteen and a quarter times—for on one occasion the voyage was interrupted as explained on our facing page.*

"THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON" *(Warner Theatre, April 17) depicts U.S.A. hero George Armstrong Custer* (ERROL FLYNN). *He graduates when Civil War is declared. General Sheridan* (JOHN LITEL; *left*) *standing.*

Custer has proved a brilliant soldier, and finds civilian life dull. The tricky Sharps (WALTER HAMPDEN *and* ARTHUR KENNEDY) *try to make him into a "guinea-pig" for their Western Development Company. He refuses.*

Custer has died in the "Last Stand" of 1876. His widow, Beth (OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND), *brings an important document to Major Taipe* (STANLEY RIDGES) *and General Sheridan* (JOHN LITEL).

"THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON."

STIRRING American history is recreated in "They Died With Their Boots On." Custer is seen as a troublesome West Point cadet, a great Civil War soldier and a gifted organiser. He subdues the Indians and makes a fair treaty with them, but through the double-dealing Sharps, trouble breaks out again, and Custer is killed in the "Last Stand" of June 25, 1876. His widow, Beth, has a document containing the true story which, however, enables Custer to keep his word after his death.

"BABES ON BROADWAY" *(the Empire, April 17) is a gay song-and-dance M.-G.-M. picture.* MICKEY ROONEY *and* JUDY GARLAND *play Tommy and Penny, gifted young stage aspirants.*

MICKEY ROONEY *plays Tommy Williams, one of a song-and-dance trio of young people who are determined to win stage success. Here he is giving a performance of an Elizabethan rôle.*

There are some amusing sequences in "Babes on Broadway," in which MICKEY ROONEY *and* JUDY GARLAND *star as Tommy Williams and Penny Morris.*

"BABES ON BROADWAY."

"BABES ON BROADWAY" is a gay, lighthearted song-and-dance picture dealing with the theatrical aspirations of a group of New York's talented youngsters who are seeking jobs on Broadway. They think their best hope of success is to produce their own show, and organise one to benefit the Settlement Home for Orphans. They successfully raise the money and get the theatre, only to find the building has been condemned; but an unexpected way out is discovered, and they end by all signing on the dotted line.

"LADIES IN RETIREMENT" COMES TO THE SCREEN.

Ellen Creed (IDA LUPINO), *docile and apparently devoted companion to Mrs. Fiske, waits on her employer hand and foot.*

Mrs. Fiske (ISOBEL ELSOM) *finds that the vagaries of one of her lunatic guests, Emily Creed* (ELSA LANCHESTER), *are a trifle upsetting.*

Left: The return of Albert (LOUIS HAYWARD). *He finds Mrs. Fiske absent, and is received by the lunatics, Louisa* (EDITH BARRETT) *and Emily Creed.*

Ellen Creed with her half-witted sisters, Emily (right) and Louisa, whom she has brought to stay at Mrs. Fiske's house. Bates (CLYDE COOK) *is in the background.*

Mrs. Fiske is missing when Albert returns, but her cheques have been cashed—a circumstance which he asks Ellen Creed to explain.

"LADIES IN RETIREMENT," successful crime play by Edward Percy and Reginald Denham, was due for its production in Columbia picture form at the Regal on April 20. Mrs. Fiske, a retired actress, lives at lonely Estuary House with her companion, Ellen Creed. Ellen is devoted to her two mentally-deranged sisters, and induces Mrs. Fiske to invite them to stay. Their insanity gets on her nerves and she tells Ellen that they must leave, and Ellen solves her problem by murder! She nearly "gets away with it," but the crime is discovered by Albert, a rascally relative who has in the past been helped by Mrs. Fiske, and comes back to seek her aid again when in trouble with the police.

The mystery of the bricked-up Dutch oven. Albert asks Lucy (EVELYN KEYES) *if she knows the reason for this work having been done.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

EVERY now and then one hears the opinion expressed that some kinds of experience are more "real" than others. Some such distinction is implied in the phrase "the grim realities of war." The suggestion is that war is more real than peace, and arguing along these lines it follows that any violent experience tends to be more real than a tamer one—in fact, the more violent it is, the more real. And to this reality—the reality, to most people, of the unpleasant—has attached itself a kind of moral glamour. The real is to be admired, partly because it is real, and partly because it is uncomfortable. A wish to avoid it implies "escapism," and escapism is—or was until a short time ago, when so many people began to find solace in imaginative escape—a word with a pejorative meaning.

I think that this distinction between the real and the unreal is false. The reality or unreality of an experience depends on the degree to which the person who undergoes it is in tune with life; in other words, it is not a quality of the experience itself but of the experiencing consciousness. Ability to apprehend reality *is* a kind of virtue, but because it means an instinctive recognition of truth, not because it means an ability to face up to the unpleasant. Most people lead humdrum lives and are therefore better judges of the reality of a tea-party than of a bull-fight, the true reality of which is only understood by the "aficionados" of the bull-ring and the men inside it. What the ordinary person is attracted to in a bull-fight is the danger of sudden and violent death, which, being a new thing to his experience, is almost certainly unreal to it. He enjoys the sensation; but sensationalism is not even a form of reality: it is a disguise for it.

The Old School Tie in New England. The theme of Mr. John P. Marquand's long and interesting study of upper-class American life is the gradual emotional atrophy which overtook Harry Pulham and his wife by the time they had reached the middle forties. By accepting the standards and conventions of their set, both in the social and the business world, they had narrowed the range of their interests and feelings till every possibility of development withered. Each considered an extra-marital love-affair with someone more congenial, and each, in the interests of respectability, turned it down. But Harry Pulham, being a man and possessed of greater liberty of action, had in his youth an extra chance of breaking away. Returning to America after the war of 1914, in which he distinguished himself by winning a medal and made contacts with people outside his own world, he felt an overpowering repugnance to taking up the old life with his father's firm. Hence his adventure with the advertising agency; hence his *affaire* with Marvin Myles; hence his unbroken friendship with Bill King—all of them things and people opposed to what the Pulhams stood for. His father's death snapped the threads that were binding him to New York and brought him back to Boston and the dominion of the Old School Tie.

A Tragedy? The wrapper suggests that Harry Pulham's life was a failure and even a tragedy. I wonder if this is the interpretation the author himself would put on Harry's career. Harry tells his story himself; he makes few philosophic comments. But replying to his friend's inquiry whether he and his wife have been happy together, he says: "Of course Kay and I do quarrel sometimes, but when you add it all together, all of it isn't as bad as the parts of it seem. I mean, maybe that 's all there is to anybody's life." A depressing conclusion, perhaps, but there is truth in it. Few people have the power to rise above mediocrity, just as comparatively few golfers have the power to get their handicaps down to single figures. Most golfers, at the start, set their hearts on that, but if they don't achieve it we must not infer that they haven't enjoyed the game. If through some flaw of temperament, or turn of circumstance, they missed their aim, that would be sad, though perhaps not tragic; there is nothing tragic about not achieving something you haven't the talent to achieve: the tragedy rather would lie in imagining you had the talent and fretting about it. As Harry Pulham describes himself, and he is a most veracious reporter, I cannot see that he had any talent except for being a particularly nice man, and this talent, which is rare enough, he made the fullest use of. Married to a disagreeable fault-finding woman, and with two children of no more than average amiability or promise, he preserved, against odds, the sweetness of his nature. The talent for loving which he also had was certainly rather wasted on Kay, but I doubt if it would have blossomed much more freely with Marvin Myles; nor can we suppose that he would have made a spectacular career either as a soldier or an advertising agent. He was inherently a little stupid, or he would have guessed that his wife and Bill King were in love. In my opinion he succeeded in being what his nature meant him to be—a good, kind, conventional man; he also succeeded, surprisingly enough, in writing a first-rate novel. But he would never have done that without Mr. Marquand to guide his pen.

During his recent broadcast, CAPTAIN GAMMANS' *opening challenge, "I am going to say some disagreeable things which some people probably won't like . . . you can always switch off," probably caused everyone to go on listening. If they did it was well worth it, for a more worthwhile talk, clear-sighted from every angle, is not often heard. One note on more-or-less arm-chair criticism was, "If you listen to some people, the only conclusion you can come to is that every colonel is a Blimp: every general a fool, every Cabinet Minister a senile nincompoop, every workman a loafer, and every manager a man who spends his time playing golf." Captain L. D. Gammans is M.P. for Hornsey.*

An Adventurer of the 'Eighties. "Saratoga Trunk" is a romance of America in the 'eighties, when the railroad kings who were later to give the law to New York society were laying the foundation of their fortunes—red, if Miss Edna Ferber's account is accurate, in tooth and claw. At the United States Hotel in Saratoga, that fashionable resort, they all congregated; and thither came the beautiful fortune-huntress, Clio Dulaine, Comtesse de Trenaunay de Chanfret, as she styled herself, Mrs. de Chanfret, as she modestly chose to be called. Actually, she had no claim to either title; what she was, and the slips of parentage by which she came into being, are explained in the earlier chapters of the book when Clio, lately arrived from Paris, is finding her feet in New Orleans. Her first, though not her ultimate, aim in life was to make an impression, and in this she had her beauty to help her and her two attendants, the negress and the dwarf. Soon she reinforced them with a still more picturesque figure, "Colonel" Clint Maroon, a dashing Texan of immense size and strength, whose appearance commanded attention as surely as did hers. Together and apart they made their mark in New Orleans; but in New Orleans, Clio felt, there was no fortune to be made—or married. But life in Saratoga among the stripling Goulds and Vanderbilts demanded money. Fortunately for Clio there were, in New Orleans, people who, for family reasons, were ready to pay almost any price to get rid of her. Clio got her price and, armed with the money, set off to storm Saratoga.

Crude Methods. Her methods were as crude as she herself was. But with one or two exceptions the little colony of millionaires was raw enough to be impressed by her, and the young Van Steed, who owned a hundred miles of coveted railroad, became her *cavaliere servente* when Clint was not on duty—and sometimes when he was. As this is a tale in which virtue, or comparative virtue, is sure to be rewarded, we wonder how the gold-digging Clio is to satisfy both her affection and her cupidity. The author contrives this by a sensational scene in which the war between the railroad kings develops into a real battle: Clint with his party jump clear of the train just before it rushes into a head-on collision with a light engine, the weapon of their rivals.

This episode, and the fight which follows, might have been written for the screen—indeed, the whole book needs little rearrangement to turn it into a scenario. Extravagantly romantic, crude, exaggerated, overvitalised, the story carries one along because Miss Ferber so obviously believes in it, and because, in spite of her overstatements, she never quite loses her sense of proportion, nor, in spite of her theatrical manœuvres, her sense of life.

A Novel in Déshabille. Major Leonard Handley's interesting novel, "There Was No Island," has not had the benefit of a vigilant proof-reader. Spelling mistakes abound, and these, combined with the author's go-as-you-please style and the air of déshabille worn by some of his pages, may give the impression that his story is a more light-hearted experiment in fiction than it actually is.

But though his book has the defects of amateurishness, it also has the merits; if it is undisciplined it is also unpretentious, and if it is written at different levels of seriousness it also has the spontaneity of a writer who has not learned to let the final purpose of his book reduce his moods to a uniform colour. His thesis is, I think, that many people, perhaps most, have no vocation for married life and find it a prison. In the background of the story are three unsuccessful marriages, and the fourth, of which we are given a close-up, turns out badly. Wilma Avery was easy to please but hard to satisfy. Perhaps she had no capacity for continuous happiness. She got none from her first husband, who was a monster of insensitiveness, and very little from her second, the middle-aged soldier whose detachment, so long as he *was* detached, had charmed her. In neither case did the love she originally felt for the man survive the conditions he required her to live in. The Indian Cantonment Station, brilliantly described, to which Richard Campion took her, became, after two years, as irksome a *milieu* as was the clergyman's family—the "in-laws" of her first husband. Perhaps more irksome. Major Handley's account of this unfavourable specimen of Anglo-Indian society makes it clear that Wilma had much to complain of. But the episode with Julien—the bridge-passage between her two marriages—did not make her happy either, although it had the advantage of a beautiful setting on the Bosphorus.

Major Handley paints a vivid and self-consistent portrait of this unhappy woman whose temperament denied her the emotional satisfaction that her being continually craved. Some of the subsidiary characters are rather slight and some belong to fiction rather than to life: but the four principal actors—Wilma, Richard, Julien and Judith, Julien's reigning mistress, are real human beings, humanly maladjusted.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

H. M. Pulham, Esq. By John P. Marquand. (*Robert Hale; 9s.*)
Saratoga Trunk. By Edna Ferber. (*Heinemann; 8s. 6d.*)
There Was No Island. By Leonard Handley. (*John Long; 8s. 6d.*)

WHAT YOU MIGHT HAVE WORN IN HOLLAR'S DAY.

THE art of WENCESLAUS HOLLAR (1607-1677), famous Czech etcher and seventeenth-century emigré to England, is well represented in an exhibition of his works at the Czechoslovak Institute, 18, Grosvenor Place. He was a draughtsman of delicate and elegant calibre who, as a worker for Van Dyck, and protégé of the Earl of Arundel, had every chance of seeing what women wore, and making exquisite drawings of such details of their clothing as shawls, masks

[*Continued below.*

"A WOMAN'S HEAD IN PROFILE"—*just a gentle exaggeration of hats worn to-day—has the same forward-jutting plate-like crown with sprightly ornament, and the cap behind rather lengthened.*

(LENT BY MR. JOSEF FISCHL.)

"WINTER," *from the series* "*The Great London Seasons,*" *shows a lady well furred up and wearing one of the muffs Hollar loved to draw. A quatrain below runs:*

"The cold, not cruelty makes her weare
In Winter, furrs and Wild beasts haire;
For a smoother skin at night
Embraceth her with more delight."

(LENT BY MR. A. M. HIND.)

"BUST OF WOMAN WITH CONICAL CAP" (1645). *A difficult hat and a difficult coiffure for a windy day!* (LENT BY MR. J. FISCHL.)

"HOLLAR'S WIFE," *when he made this drawing, was Miss Tracy, who gave him English lessons, while he taught her engraving. How would her hair look under a uniform cap?*

(LENT BY MR. J. FISCHL.)

A second etching of "WINTER" *shows Hollar's preoccupation with feminine winter modes, with the same lady as above doing strip-tease, having removed mask and fur. He bursts out into verse again:*

"Thus against winter wee our selves doe arme,
and thinke you then the cold can do us harme?
But though it be to hard for this attire
yet wee 'll orecome it not with sword but fire."

(LENT BY THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM, OXFORD.)

"A DUTCH SAILOR'S WIFE." *Outfit rather cumbersome, but probably excessively chic then.*

(LENT BY MR. H. FISCHER.)

"A LADY OF PRAGUE" *wears the ruff like her next-door neighbour, but her hat, though large, is not in the Chinese taste.* (LENT BY MR. J. FISCHL.)

Continued.]

and muffs, of which he drew a series, reproducing the fur with astonishing delicacy. Most of the ladies on this page are of Continental origin. Hollar also made a series of etchings of theatrical drawings, and another set of "Female Costumes," which included portraits of the Queen and the wife of the Lord-Mayor of London.

A SEAT ON THE CLIPPER.*

By ELISABETH KYLE.

MRS. MINNIE HAWKHER sat in her usual seat in the lounge of the Avenida Palace Hotel, with her war knitting between her fingers. She was an expert knitter, and could watch meanwhile, as the wealthier flotsam drifted in and out of Lisbon's smartest hotel. Her broad, expressionless face never changed, but the little shrewd eyes between their rolls of flesh lit now on a diplomat going into conference with one of his staff, now on an ex-Minister from one of the invaded countries, trying to keep up a bold front and making useful social connections, now on a Spanish dancer sipping drinks with some South American spark who thus filled in his time pleasantly waiting for the Clipper.

Mrs. Minnie Hawkher was waiting for a place on the Clipper, too. She had been waiting nearly two years, but fortunately the clientele of the Avenida Palace changed so frequently, and was so desperately concerned with its own problems of getting out of this one free corner of Europe, that few thought this strange. She was rich, and American. She could surely have got home before now. But still she remained in the great red chair drawn up to the window, where the sun flashed on her diamond rings as she knitted, and allowed her eyes to rest, for a change, upon the huge black-and-white pattern which chequered the paving of the Rocio Square outside. Here lounged and gossiped the poorer, more unlucky inhabitants of wartime Lisbon: the refugees, the picturesque flower-women, and the old wooden-legged soldier with his tray of home-made toys. . . .

Suddenly Mrs. Hawkher dropped her knitting. The person she was watching for had come into sight: a blonde, shabby girl, walking quickly past the statue of Dom Pedro towards the revolving doors which led directly into the lounge. Instantly Mrs. Hawkher called a waiter and gave the order for tea. The blonde girl dropped into the chair opposite her, and shook her head in answer to the unspoken question. "No luck," she said.

"T'ss, t'ss! Why, that 's just too bad," Mrs. Hawkher said, sympathetically. "I kind-of thought from what you had said, that you had a pull with the American Legation—that they would insure you a seat on the Clipper somehow——"

The girl sighed wearily. Then she said: "You have been so kind. . . . I think I will tell you, after all. . . . My name 's not Renate Schmidt, it is Renate Greiffenberg. My father was the famous Dr. Greiffenberg who invented so many ersatz goods during the last war. You may know the name perhaps?"

A sudden gleam had come into the other's eyes. But she lowered them quickly, shaking her head. "I 'm just a plain Middle-Westerner, not up in your European culture. So your father was an inventor, was he? Well, that 's interesting——"

"He 's dead now. He—he wouldn't join the Party, and so they took him away." The girl's face whitened as she spoke. "But he had time to warn me first, and I managed to get out. He said if I could reach America and take with me the only legacy he could give—it was his new process for synthetic rubber, not nearly so expensive as the old one the Nazis are using now—he said the American factories could use it and it would help the Allies——"

Mrs. Minnie Hawkher went on knitting so quickly that no one could notice she had dropped a stitch just then. "So you thought the Clipper people 'd advance the money for your seat on this process thing? Too bad they wouldn't believe you. . . . Have you got the paper about you now?"

"I 've got it on me, stitched to my clothes. It never leaves me. But the men up at the office wouldn't believe me. Why, the clerk there had never heard of father!" Her voice suddenly grew wistful, as she said. "You were once in Munich, weren't you? Don't you remember father's big laboratory at the corner of the Leopoldstrasse——"

"Opposite Grunewald's Store? Sure I remember there was a big building there." Mrs. Hawkher nodded, then added quickly: "But I was just rubbernecking around for a week or so while the opera was on, and didn't take note of much." She seemed to think a moment, then added, "I 've taken a liking to you, deary. You know, money talks, even in wartime. Now this is between you and me. This queueing-up for a seat on the Clipper 's got on my nerves, so I 've managed to make a kind of private arrangement with a friend to have a special 'plane ready one night this week, and we'll chance it and make off if we can. Are you game to make the dash with us?"

She just sat there knitting, large and placid as a cow. But to the excited girl there seemed nothing strange in what she said. "Do you really mean that?" Renate breathed. "Of course I 'll come. . . ."

"Fine. We may not make it, but we 'll try. Now, you be outside the hotel to-morrow night at ten o'clock. I 'll have a taxi waiting and we 'll drive off to where the 'plane 's kept hidden. But not a word, or the Portuguese 'll get us before we even leave the ground. . . ."

The girl calling herself Renate Schmidt took a deep breath. She got up trembling a little, said good-bye to Mrs. Hawkher, and stepped out into the blazing sunshine again. After a few steps, however, she stopped suddenly, trying to remember something. Exhausted and dazed by all she had gone through, it was nevertheless not the fantastic impossibility of Mrs. Hawkher's scheme which so suddenly made the blood ebb from her heart. . . . What was it Mrs. Hawkher had said which had struck her as more strange, more unreal than even the plan of escape?

The wooden-legged soldier had slipped unobtrusively after her across the dazzling black-and-white pattern of Rocio Square. Now his reflection wavered before her eyes in the deep pool of one of the fountains beside which she had halted. He spoke now, softly in her ear: "What do you know about the woman who calls herself Mrs. Hawkher?" he said.

She started, and answered, "Nothing—nothing at all." Before she even knew she had answered. He stood looking at her while she added slowly: "Except that she was in Munich last year, though she told me before she had only been there once for a week, the summer before war began. But Grunewald's Store didn't move to the Leopoldstrasse until last year. . . . Yes, yes; that 's what I was trying to remember!"

"So. She gave herself away at last!"

The girl, coming to herself, stared at him. "Who are you?" she cried. "And what do you know about Mrs. Hawkher—or me?"

The man motioned her up a dark side-street where they might talk, out of sight of the plate-glass windows of the hotel. Here dark-eyed children played in the gutter, and second-hand shops with dingy windows showed jewels and furs bartered by exiles in exchange for the right to live in one of the last free outposts of Europe. "I am Spanish," the soldier was saying, "but being a Republican I had to flee here with my only daughter after Franco's victory. We had worked against the German Brigade in Spain, she and I, and the Germans wanted their revenge. . . . The woman who calls herself Mrs. Hawkher is a German agent, placed here to get back into their clutches somehow those whom the Nazis wish to lay hands upon. . . . She made friends with my daughter, promised her a seat in a 'plane for America. I did not know who Mrs. Hawkher was then. I let her go——"

"How did you find out?"

"They took her body out of the Tagus a week later. I saw it there in the Morgue. . . . A motor accident, they said. . . . But she had been robbed first. She was taking papers over to America, and the Gestapo began to act on the information contained in those papers soon after. . . ."

The girl turned her head quickly from side to side like an animal seeking a way out of a trap. The old man laid his hand on her arm. "Wait your turn for the Clipper," he said.

She nodded her thanks and began to walk rapidly away, towards the safe obscurity of the Estrella. He watched her a moment, then, rearranging the few poor toys on the tray, shuffled back to his stance on the Rocio Square. From thence he could watch Mrs. Hawkher see-sawing in her chair by the hotel window, with her spider-black eyes on the crowd outside. To watch and to intercept her prey, that was his duty, and his revenge. [THE END.

DEBRETT'S PEERAGE for 1942 (Dean and Son; 105s. net) is described by the editor in the preface as "the history of those who are making history, as the biographies of our leading statesmen and most of those who are playing a prominent part in the Forces, in Civil Defence and other branches of the National War Effort are to be found in its pages." The famous work of reference, which has been published during three centuries, has this year a double pagination totalling over 3000 pages. It has, as usual, been fully revised and brought up to date, in spite of the immense amount of extra work, and the difficulties consequent on wartime conditions. Special features of this year's volume include a War Honours Supplement, containing the biographies of V.C.s and D.S.O.s and a Roll of Honour of those who have been killed or died on active service. In his interesting preface, Mr. C. F. J. Hankinson, the editor, refers to the Heavy Toll of the War and records that at the time of writing 8 peers, 8 baronets, and 24 heirs to titles had lost their lives while serving; and 4 peers had been killed in air raids.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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